

DECEMBER, 1899.

The Olympian



PUBLISHED BY THE
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BIDDEFORD, MAINE.

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Our New Building was formally opened to the public on Wednesday morning, Dec. 13, with every department full of new and seasonable goods, which you are cordially invited to inspect.

SMITH DRY GOODS CO.

The Olympian

VOL. I.

BIDDEFORD HIGH SCHOOL, BIDDEFORD, MAINE, DECEMBER 15, 1899.

NO. 1.

A GREETING.

Our little paper now is done,
Complete before you stands;
I'm sure that it is full of fun
The brightest in the land.

A lot of precious time it cost
To the members of our staff,
But the time will surely not be lost
If it but makes you laugh.

A laugh! the brightest thing on earth,
It drives dull care away;
Happy and brimming o'er with mirth
It gladdens all the day.

We hope our paper will be fraught
With all things good and bright,
And that no mean nor angry thought
Shall dim its radiant light.

Go forth little herald! may you be
The best of all your kind.
And all the world shall clearly see
You're not "The Times" behind.

A FIRST COUSIN TO DEMOSTHENES.

YOUNG Page was a freshman in the Dashton High School. This was an excellent school, but it had one very disagreeable custom, namely, rhetorical. Every Friday morning a period was devoted to them, and a number of unhappy youths and maidens were made to declaim to a critical and sometimes hilarious audience.

Now Page was fond of books, and had scattered, with discretion, historical tales among his other reading matter. He especially admired Demosthenes, and thought what a fine thing it was to have so great an influence over his fellow men. He

even pictured himself standing, facing the students of the school, holding them spell-bound by his eloquence.

Meanwhile the weeks went swiftly by, and Page's fate came nearer and nearer. In a week it would be his turn to declaim. Fired by the ambition to become famous as an orator, he selected that stirring address of Patrick Henry, "War is actually Begun." His brother, just graduated from college, coached him, and Page, in a moment of blind madness, confided in him his thoughts concerning himself—and Demosthenes. Of course his brother told John Brown's sister that very evening; she promised not to tell, but the next morning Page was greeted as "Demosthenes" by John Brown and his chums. And so it was for the rest of the week, but Page said nothing, thinking that every dog has his day.

When that Black Friday arrived, Page stalked into school feeling rather shaky as to his knees, but looking very confident. For adornment he was wearing new shoes, and a gorgeous necktie. His hair was parted in the middle and slicked down on both sides, but alas! the back of his head had entirely escaped his notice, and a regular Cooper Indian scalp-lock towered skyward. Grace Morse, the girl across the way, seemed sufficiently impressed, and, in an awed whisper asked if he was "scared." Page looked at his shoes, felt

of his necktie, thought of his hair, and replied contemptuously that he guessed not.

At last they filed into the main room, and took their places in the front row. James Newman came first; he rushed to the platform, gabbled something unintelligibly, and rushed back again, falling over numberless feet in his unseemly haste. Page sat breathless waiting his turn, keeping his eyes on a teacher who was sitting nonchalantly on the platform, waiting for the curt nod that would order him to his place.

It came at last. He was now facing the audience he had intended to hypnotize. He began, stammered, grew scarlet, and started again. "This, sir, is no time for ceremony." (Here he skipped quarter of the oration). "I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, that is the lamp of experience." (This time he omitted half). "Have we anything new to offer on the subject? Nothing." He bowed profoundly, and amid the smiles of all, sought refuge behind the biggest boy in school, where no one could see him.

Now, not even the thoughts of his personal appearance could sustain him. He was utterly crushed. Even the jeers of the Brown clique did not move him to anger. And when the jubilant John anxiously inquired about the health of Demosthenes he merely said: "Oh hang Demosthenes."

Miss Wadlin must like moody letters better than most folks. At least she doesn't look very moody when she gets them.

Crumbs Swept Up.

Please patronize our advertisers.

Paul Staples, 1900, has left school.

The sub-junior boys ought to get up an ice cream eating contest.

Where does Moody like to sit best?
Ans.—Out on his back-yard fence(!)

Wanted. A full blown (Rose).

Hackett, 1902.

We are very pleased to see so many visitors especially those that come on Friday.

Miss Stimson is very enthusiastic over the study of ornithology; her favorite birds are robins.

Miss D., (in a loud voice), "I don't want that candy." Did she think Mr. Burnham wanted it.

Ask Miss Dow where she got her "crimson and gold" and perhaps you will see some more crimson.

In the literature class.

Wanted.—To know if all Jews are "slim."
Miss Moore, 1901.

Wanted. — Ricker, 1901, and Miss Goodier, 1901, to know that unfortunately our seats were not made for two.

Cousins seems to be very interested of late in the study of (Moore's) but not the dark complexioned race that inhabited Spain in the early ages.

The Olympian.

A Literary Monthly Published by the Students of
BIDDEFORD HIGH SCHOOL.

Entered as second class mail matter at the Post Office in
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Editorials.

—Shakespeare says that

"All the world is a stage,
And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms."

It seems to us that this quotation may be applied to school papers as well as to men. We know that there are many school papers in existence today. It is natural to suppose that they made their entrance

sometime. We also know that there have been papers that are not published now. So we conclude that papers as well as men have their exits.

We are aware that we are infants in school journalism but we hope to make our paper play an important part in the field of school publications, to derive profit as well as pleasure from our work, to help other schools in their efforts and to obtain help from them.

"If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost, that is where they should be. Now put foundations under them." Thoreau spoke truthfully when he said this. We have built our castle in the air and are now trying to put the foundation under it.

* * *

"What do you read my lord?"

"Words, words, words."

With this issue of the OLYMPIAN the students of the B. H. S. present to the public their first school paper. At the outset we applied to the critics, of whom we know there are many, to confine their criticisms to a channel which will tend to uplift the enterprise rather than to condemn it by ridicule. In the "staff" not one is there but who acknowledges his or her lack of experience. The management are anticipating obstacles both great and small and alone we are unable to cope with them; so we appeal to the students of the B. H. S. to give their cordial co-operation to the staff, as the rise or fall of this new enterprise depends on them in particular.

To the alumni there is no less a duty devolving upon them. They are as essential to the success of the OLYMPIAN as the

board of editors, and their aid is especially solicited.

From the public we feel sure of a cordial welcome. Their pride in the educational advantages which the High School offers to their sons and daughters leaves no question as to where they stand when their seat of learning advances to the level of other preparatory schools who boast of school papers.

High School journalism is often times regarded as being mere child's play, and as such worthy of little consideration. Compared with the results obtained by men who have spent their lives in training themselves to journalism, undoubtedly the papers which are sent forth by high schools and academies seem rather weak. But when we consider the results on the students, when we remember the practice gained by the staff in stating the events of school life, when we reflect what must be the effect on the conduct of the students as they see the events of their every day life dignified by being perpetuated in print, we perceive that a high school paper is of much value and importance.

Again, it serves as evidence to the parents and tax-payers of what is being done in the class-rooms.

* * *

Of course, all of you know that this is the first edition of our paper, THE OLYMPIAN. We realize fully the work and untiring efforts which are essential to the success of our undertaking. There is one special thing against which we must strive, and that is leaving the brunt of the whole

to a few faithful ones, while the rest do nothing to help it.

Classes before us have talked of having a school paper and of course all the pupils were willing and glad to have one but so many "have not time" or "could never write anything for a paper in the world" that the few who were really willing to work were really obliged to give up the idea for lack of co-operation. B. H. S., although not so large in numbers as many schools supporting papers, certainly has enough courage and energy to do the same if it is a possible thing. At present the majority of pupils seem to have an interest and we hope to gain that of the Alumni, and in fact, of every one. The merchants and business men have certainly encouraged us greatly by enabling the business managers to make so good a report concerning the advertisements.

Athletics.

Now that the football season is over, next in the line of athletics is polo.

Last season the High School was represented by a polo team which was defeated but once. It was made up as follows: McDermott, first rush; O'Connor, second rush; Cowan, centre; Whelan, half-back; Shaw, goal. Of this team, all are back in school except O'Connor, while Lord and Morin are also promising players.

Thornton intends to have a polo team this season, and good games are promised between the two teams.

We note with pleasure that Wm. C. T. O'Sullivan, B. H. S., '96, has been elected captain of the Holy Cross college football team for next season.

CLASS MEETINGS OF 1900.

During the last of the Sub-senior year we began to think about class meetings, then to talk and finally someone was brave enough to write on the board the announcement of a meeting.

When the meeting was called to order this same brave person announced that the meeting was to elect officers, and then every one tried to talk at once so that a terrible confusion was the result. In a few minutes the principal walked in and calmly asked: "Do you think it necessary to make quite so much noise?" and went out closing the door.

Our officers were duly elected and we got through the few class meetings of the year quite successfully. In the beginning of our Senior year we held our meetings in Assembly hall and then we appeared quieter to those below.

We don't argue very much in our meetings. Some one will make a motion and it will be seconded immediately. Then the president says: "All in favor please rise," and every one jumps up because if they don't some one will pull them up. Sometimes after a motion has been carried one of the boys will ask what they have just voted upon; and some that were at the meeting did not know their class color or motto until afterwards.

The meetings do not last very long, except when we interview agents, for a few of the boys get hungry very soon and exclaim: "I move we adjourn," but one day they were astonished by hearing one of the girls say, "I move we don't," and they didn't.

But outsiders are not admitted to class meetings so the class of 1900 is called a hustler.

Now advise to lower classes:

Talk to the one next to you instead of the president.

Bring the boy's dinner.

Always go with the majority so to have some voice in the matter.

Vote in the affirmative whether you know what the question is or not.

Never make a motion until you are sure of some one to second it.

Never address the class, it might be embarrassing.

Never have the class meetings general.

Never rise when you have anything to say.

Never have any constitution and by-laws.

Never vote by ballot.

Never, above all things, get mad.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

"Will you go Jack?" This question was asked by Charles Vail of his friend and room-mate, both men Seniors at Princeton. It was the day before Christmas and Charles Vail had decided to spend the remainder of his holidays at home and he wanted Jack to go with him.

It was about a half an hour before train time when Jack decided to go and so they were forced to pack their dress suit cases in a hurry. They succeeded in catching the train and arrived at Batavia late in the evening.

Vail's people did not expect him and he found a whist party in progress at his

home. The fellows on entering hastened to their rooms to don evening suit, but Jack soon discovered that the linen was minus. Surmounting this difficulty by borrowing, they at last descend the stairs and enter the parlor below.

At the further end of the room a piece of mistletoe was suspended from a chandelier and as Jack entered, a charming brunette was standing beneath it. He stood still, gazing at the picture formed by the maiden in pure white until Charles recalled to his mind the challenge. As he started towards the young lady she turned about and Jack recognized a former friend—Friend, shall I say! more than a friend, for they had parted only a year before under a slight misunderstanding. Their eyes met and voluntarily they started for the library. What then happened is secret.

The next day Jack told his friend that he had received his best Christmas gift the evening before.

A TRUE (?) SPARTAN.

One of the greatest of soldier-poets, Archilochus, proved himself a coward on the battle-field. He tried to apologize by saying:

"The foeman glories o'er my shield,
I left it on the battle-field,
I threw it down beside the wood,
Unscathed by scars, unstained with blood.
And let him glory; since from death
Escaped, I keep my forfeit breath.
I soon may find at little cost
As good a shield as that I lost."

When he visited Sparta the authorities, taking another view of shield dropping, ordered him to leave the city within an hour.

THE BLACK DEATH.

There is one piece of the world's history which ought not to be forgotten since it visited nearly all the nations of the world. This is the "Black Death," which started in China, Tartary, India and Egypt and swept across Africa and Europe killing millions of people.

The "Black Death" was a poison. When people caught it they usually died within a half day, or one or two days. If he lived to the third day there was some hope of his recovery but they often died even then. It was so deadly that it was said there was death even in the glance of the eye. Physicians even refused to visit the sick.

The disease started in 1345 and was preceeded by almost unparalleled phenomena. It is said that at Mecca it rained snakes and blood for three days and nights. The stench, rising to the middle regions of the atmosphere became too heavy and spread out, carrying the poison far and wide. In some places millions of small, poison insects poisoned the air and in others huge venomous animals, hideous to the sight, filled the air with their putrid breath. One morning, just after sunrise, a great pillar of fire was seen in the heavens above the Pope's palace at Avignon. It remained about an hour frightening all the people. Earthquakes occurred throughout Italy, and even in Germany. Whole villages were utterly destroyed both by the earthquakes and the plague in these regions. Many mock suns were seen and the skies seemed on fire.

In England it rained from Christmas to

mid-summer without stopping hardly a day. The country was inundated and great ponds of stagnant water were throughout the land.

The mortality was almost too great to be thought of. In the East nearly twenty-four millions died in a single year. In Europe the number was about the same.

The "Black Death" did not take everyone. It is said that there was not a prince or king who was seized. The nobility and the higher officers of the ministry were almost without exception, left. The disease confined itself mostly to the old men, women and children and to the lower orders of the church.

The Pope took the opportunity when the plague was raging in France and England to try to settle their dispute on the ground that the plague was sent as a punishment. But Philip of France died before it was settled.

The Scots brought the plague upon themselves by trying to take advantage of the condition of England, to throw off the burden of the tyranny of the Edwards. Invading England they were met by a strong force of English, most of them were killed and the rest made their way back to Scotland carrying the plague with them.

At last the people began a wholesale slaughter of the Jews, believing that they had occasioned the plague by poisoning the wells.

Although the disease had nearly died out in England in 1349 yet deaths were reported from it as late as 1362.

You should take THE OLYMPIAN.

THE WEATHER.

The sun shines in the windows;
The birds have gone away;
But still the ground is free from snow,
On this December day.

Unlike so many winters,
We have had snow long before;
And if I remember rightly,
Last year it snowed much more.

Just at this time I mean, my friends,
You know 'twas very cold,
And the snow did blow and ships were sent
Out on the sea so bold.

And one that went was the Portland,
With brave hearts and souls on deck,
But after the storm was over,
There was nothing but a wreck.

But this year we have had few storms,
How thankful we can be
That no lives have been lost in wrecks
Out on an angry sea.

And as the sun shines brightly now,
So may it ever shine.
Let storms that we may never know,
Remain with Him Divine.

Crumbs Swept Up.

Miss Watson and Miss Banks are quite huffy.

We regret to hear that our friend Shaw has the measles.

Wanted.—A bushel basket that will hold my feet. J. Adams, 1901.

We are all very sorry, especially Miss Bradlee, 1903, that Staples has left school.

Some one told us one day that the proper way to pronounce "ally" was "a lie."

Miss Chick seems to be quite a walker; but Moody is much fleetier, and often wins on the home stretch.

Purcell is very fond of his light-haired cousins.

U. used to go driving each Sunday. But pshaw! 'tis a thing of the past.

Will some one be kind enough to tell Miss Dudley what a touch-down is?

We wish Miss Donaldson would explain what kind of animals "sheep of the goat species" are.

Why don't the Senior boys get up a glee club. The last assembly proved that they enjoy singing(?)

There was a boiler explosion in the laboratory Wednesday; the bottom of a gas making apparatus dropped out with considerable force. No damage was sustained beyond the coating of coal dust and tar which settled on everything.

The class of 1901 held its first meeting Friday, December 8th, at one o'clock. Miss Moore was chosen chairman of the meeting. The following officers were chosen: President, Percy M. Newcomb; Vice President, Roscoe G. Ricker; Secretary and Treasurer, Mollie F. Moore.

The class of 1902 held its first meeting Tuursday, December 7th, at one o'clock. Roberts was chosen chairman of the meeting. Then the following officers were elected: President, Thomas B. Walker; Vice President, Una Hampson; Secretary, Jerome Morin; Treasurer, Walter Purcell. The meeting was adjourned until Monday when the class colors were chosen.

Miss Bragdon, translating in Virgil. "Complexa pedes," fixing her feet.

Two of the Senior girls are very friendly now. We wonder if there is a brother in the case.

Wonder why Miss Dean goes over to Saco every Saturday evening. She must like tongue pretty well.

Lectures are very plenty in this part of the country although they are not all free. One was given lately on "The Honor of Our School." We hope all may profit by it.

The friends of C. W. Bradlee still entertain a hope that he will not entirely lose his eyesight, as he has consented to move a seat forward when the sun is too bright.

Because of a sad experience, one young lady of the class of 1903 has adopted the following motto: "He who accepteth molasses candy from his schoolmate taketh his life in his own hands."

Exchanges.

As our paper is just starting out on its career, it has many faults and we hope that you will not hesitate to criticise them freely. Your criticism will help us much. An exchange column is a great improvement and help to a school paper and it is our desire to have a good one, but this is impossible without a little aid, which we trust you will give.

Philbrick,

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feast the greatest of the
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